THE QUAKRI

AT LURGAN & GRANGE

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Oct 17. 1901

THE

QUAKRI AT LURGAN

BY

TWO OF THEMSELVES

By
James Nicholson Richardson

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PREFACE TO

"THE QUAKRI AT LURGAN"

PREFACE

The original edition of "The Quakri at Lurgan" was published in 1877, and as has been the case with many other books of vastly different scope and importance, it was at first never intended by the authors (*viz.* the present writer and one of his sisters) that their joint versifications should appear in print. Inspired by the then somewhat heated discussions in our "Meetings for Discipline" in the North of Ireland, on the subjects of Music, and the condition of the Society Schools (Lisburn and Brookfield), they commenced their composition for the purpose of amusing an invalid relative, but as character after character was developed, and the ballad grew to a length never originally contemplated, it occurred to some one to suggest its being printed for sale.

This was accordingly done, and the publication met with a success far exceeding the expectation of the writers, who confined the issue to 300 copies, mainly because they did not wish the book to be circulated to any great extent amongst the general public, and this for obvious reasons. The edition was disposed of in two days, the price being 1/ per copy, but one copy was eventually re-sold for ten times that sum.

More than twenty years have since elapsed, but the writer is still often asked for a copy, and frequently urged to issue a new edition.

Hitherto he has demurred, for the work, to assist in the composition of which gave him such keen pleasure, has now become to him a sad book, seldom glanced at with unmoistened eye. So many, alas, of those represented as taking part in the "Quakri at Lurgan" are now no more on earth, and the very landscape is changed. "Lovely Lurgan Lake" still indeed as of yore reflects the cloudland and the azure, but no longer mirrors in its bosom

the "Lovely Lurgan Woods" which for centuries fringed its marge with stately beauty, these having been converted into current coin of the realm by the axe of modern Vandalism.

But if many of the good and kind have passed away, their descendants remain, and it is with a respectful hope that the latter may regard a re-issue of the book as in some way a memento of the deep interest and prominent part taken by those whom they loved, in the affairs of our little church, that the present edition is permitted to appear.

We may well be thankful for them and for their lives, and shall do well to allow their examples to speak to us, and stir within us sometimes the tingle of emulation.

JAMES N. RICHARDSON
BESSBROOK

7th mo., 1899

THE QUAKRI AT LURGAN

BY

TWO OF THEMSELVES

I.

Macaulius hath sung us
  Of the ancient Roman land,
Where right with might and might with right
  Strove for the upper hand ;
Of the stout old Roman city,
  In the iron days of yore,
But of modern times shall be our rhymes,
  And of modern Quakri lore.

II.

We are no more the people
  Whose garb all nations knew,
Whose solid "Yea" and weighty "Nay"

Were held than oath more true.
But some, new-risen among us,
Have cast on us a slur,
And narrow brim and noisy hymn,
Yield now a "lifeless" stir.
Now Quakor is to Quakor
No more a synonym
For depth of sight, and inward light,
Which nought of earth could dim.
And as in faction wax we hot,
In spirit wax we cold,
Wherefore men sit not as they sat
In the plain days of old.

III.

We Quakri grave at Lurgan
Hold a biennial feast,
Once in two years to Lurgan
We come from North and East,
Yea, West and South, fast spurring,
Their Council great to hold,

The Quakri factions hasten forth,
The Modern and the Old.

IV.

When last the Quakri gathering
Fair Lurgan town did leaven,
The month was of September,
The year was seventy-seven.
Gay are the Julian kalends,
St. Patrick's nones are gay;
But September's ide, when the Quakri ride,
Is Lurgan's brightest day.

V.

From the gay streets of Dublin
The Quakri hasten fast,
From loyal Orange Lisburn,
From mercantile Belfast,
From many a lonely hamlet,
They come, their seats to fill,
From Upper Grange, and Lower Grange,
From Cabra and Cootehill.

VI.

But mark the dust now thickening
Far up the Lurgan street,
And louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Come sounds of prancing feet;
And nearer still and nearer
Is heard the distant hum,
As, far to left and far to right,
With foaming steeds and harness bright,
The Quakri chariots come.

VII.

And from his car descended,
Amid that glittering van,
Jacobus Nicholsonius
Of the Richardsonian clan.
Chief of the Liberalès,
These Richardsonians bold
Strive ever hard their ends to gain,
In the ancient Quakri hold.
'Gainst the Conservatorès

1.

Jacobus Nicholsonius
Of the Richardsonian clan

JAMES N. RICHARDSON

Ever the clans they lead,
And ever in the Liberal cause
Doth a Richardsonian bleed.
"Servants of Church and Mammon,"
The Living Remnant say,
"Ever they seek their wrath to wreak
Upon the Ancient Way."

VIII.

But slowly drove Jacobus
Up to the ancient gate,
Where oft his sires before him
Had come in solemn state;
And he at this great Conclave
Right welcome was, I ween;
His corslet was of faultless mould,
His helm of silken sheen.
And, when from off his chariot
He lighted on his feet,
Full many thronged to welcome him,
Along that olden street.

For he had wandered, lonely,
Far from his pleasant home,
'Twas mercy's errand sent him forth,
And bade him thus to roam.
Across Atlantic billows,
From far Columbia's shore,
He comes, at gathering of his clan,
To roam, we trust, no more.

IX.

With him his step-son marcheth,
Arthurus Pimlio cool,
And Davidsonian clients,
From Buttercup-field School.

X.

Upon his sire close following,
Young Theodorus came,
Not he the worst who beareth
The Richardsonian name.
Beneath his glittering chariot

2.

Arthurus Pimlio cool

ARTHUR PIM

3.

Davidsonius (Magister)
From Buttercup-field School.

WILLIAM W. DAVIDSON.

4.

Upon his sire close following
Young Theodorus came,
Not he the worst who beareth
The Richardsonian name.

J. THEODORE RICHARDSON.

His red-roan chargers prance,
And on their brazen trappings bright
The autumn sunbeams glance.

XI.

But first in age and order,
Amid that gallant van,
Jon-Grobo Richardsonius
Marched on to lead his clan;
And Jana, his good consort
Came by her spouse to bide,
With an endless train of daughters fair,
Close by their mother's side.
Well known was famed Jon-Grobo,
Well known both near and far,
As fair a foe, as true a friend,
As e'er waged Quakri war.
For though no faithful Quakri
May war with fleshly swords,
For truth and right they well can fight,
With stroke of caustic words.

XII.

Round him in goodly numbers
His trusty clients stride,
Over the purple mountains
That morning have they hied.
From a far-famed "Enclosure,"
"Sacred" and free from care,
Hasten these trusty clients,
Their chieftain's wars to share,
From far-famed model Bessbrook,
Where Bacchus is unknown,
Where lack of public-houses
Hath starved him off his throne
(Police, pawn-shop, nor publican,
Come nigh this realm of ease,
The envious call it in their wrath
"The City of Three P's"),
Doylans and strong Hobsonius,
And Davidsonius grey,
With many another valiant heart,
Their chieftain to upstay.

5.

Well known was famed Jon-Grobo,
Well known both near and far.

JOHN GRUBB RICHARDSON.

6.

And Jana his good consort
Came by her spouse to bide,
With endless train of daughters fair,
Close to their mother's side.

JANE M. RICHARDSON.

7.

Strong Hobsonius.

WILLIAM HOBSON.

But chiefest of the clients,
And keenest for the fray,
Stalks bearded Fredrius Balko,
Like lion on the prey,
Long had his chieftain sought his like
In Anglia afar,
And in Plymouth Sound he had Fredrius found,
A fearless man of war.

XIII.

Amid his father's clients
Jacobus Junius stept,
And with him Fredrius Harrus,
Who close beside him kept;
For he had held Jacobus long
Beneath his tutelage,
And long had filled that tender mind
With maxims wise and sage;
That young idea long had taught
To shoot, and write, and spell.

And men said that Jacobus learned
His lesson pretty well.

XIV.

But now a mighty chariot
Rolls in upon the scene,
And many an olive sapling fair
Looked from it forth, I ween;
And from their midst descended,
With mien composed and staid,
Josephus Richardsonius,
The Liberal cause to aid.

XV.

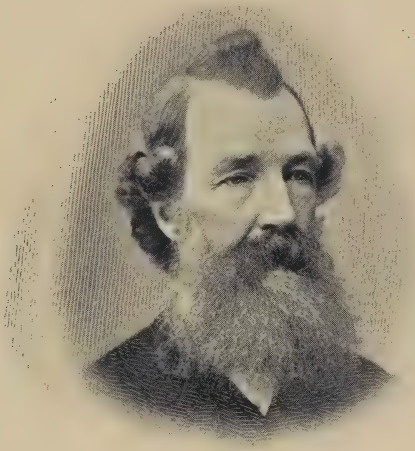
Where India vends her spices,
Her purple and her blue,
Where many a ship brings precious freight,
From shores of far Peru,
Where battle's war-cloud lowereth,
Along the Danube's main,
Where sun-bright Egypt poureth forth
Her floods of golden grain,

8.

Jacobus Junius.

JAMES N. RICHARDSON

(The Author)



9.

Doth bearded Fredrius Balko stalk
Like lion on the prey.

FREDERICK P. BALKWILL.

Where humbly at her spindle
Poor Erin's daughter sings,
And where the flying shuttles weave
The table-cloths of kings,
Where'er the red gold floweth
His coffers high to fill,
His name is found, both sure and sound,
At back of banker's bill;
Yea, in the mart of commerce
Well is Josephus known:
On "Fridays" is his chair of state
Approached like monarch's throne.

XVI.

He also hath his allies,
Who rank the brave among,
Jors Pimlio the elder,
Jors Pimlio the young;
And where Josephus marcheth
There march the other two,
For to Richardsonius, Pimlio
Was ever leal and true.

XVII.

And with her spouse attending,
To grace the Pimlian name,
There stept a stately matron forth
As e'er bore Quakri name.
Yea, had good Anna Pimlia lived
In Romè's most goodliest days,
Both great and poor had called her "friend,"
The bards had sung her praise.

XVIII.

Behind her and her consort
Their goodly sons and tall,
In shining garb and helmets, marched
Towards the Council-hall;
And when their daughters stept from out
Their chariots, on the scene,
Full many a Quakri heart beat fast
Amid that crowd, I ween.

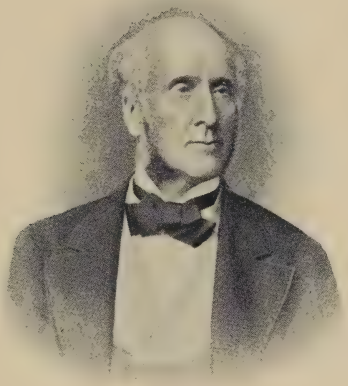
XIX.

But, by our sire George Foxius,
It was a goodly sight,

10.

Josephus Richardsonius . . .
On Friday is his chair of state,
Approached like Monarch's throne.

JOSEPH RICHARDSON.



11.

Jors Pimlio, the elder.

JOSHUA PIM.

12.

Yea, had good Anna Pimlia lived
In Rome's most goodliest days
Both rich and poor had called her "friend"
The bards had sung her praise?

ANNA R. PIM.

13.

Jors Pimlio, the young.

JOSHUA PIM.

To see how still the Liberal clans
Came on in chariots bright,
Still pranced their war-steeds foaming,
With harness white and gold,
Till Lurgan maidens wondered much
At the plain days of old.

XX.

Far up from Bannia's waters,
Two chariots now are seen,
There is Tommus Blancus, called the white,
And Haughtans from his green.
Right well is Liberal Blancus known,
From Orange Blossom Hill,
And 'mid the bold of Liberal mould
Fights Blancus with a will.
With him comes Tommus Haughtans,
Of the good old Haughtans' race,
Seldom, I ween, do mortals look
On such a pleasant face.
Long hast thou bleached, good Haughtans,

Thy linens white as snow,
Yet red thy cheek with healthy streak,
As it was long ago.
Health to thee, handsome Haughtans,
And to thy consort health,
Long may thy name, of ancient fame,
Grace Quakri commonwealth.

XXI.

And then there came strong Pikans,
Ricardo Pikans tall,
Who drove that morning from the shades
Of pleasant Beechnut Hall.
Strong art thou still, tall Pikans,
But when that thou wert young,
There were not ten could cope with thee,
Britannia's isles among.
And, though thy locks are silvered,
And thou pacific grown,
'Twere wiser to molest thee not,
Lest thou shouldst hold thine own.

14.

Ricardo Pikans tall.

RICHARD PIKE.

XXII.

Anon a chariot rolls from far,
Besoiled with many a mile,
In it was seen a Liberal keen,
And dame with pleasant smile.
The lion he is hard to rouse,
And slow is he to wrath,
But, if he once arouséd be,
Beware the lion's path.
And so Conservatorial ranks,
Before Tomsonius quail,
Much doth his reach of fluent speech
The Liberal cause avail.

XXIII.

But fast and ever faster
Pour in the Liberal aids,
There was Sydnius, with the soft brown eyes,
The love of Quakri maids;
And with him came his kinsman,
Yea, with him striding fast,

Came active Julius Pimlio,
From mercantile Belfast.
And then came Carlo Kneightlius,
Young Pimlio's famed colleague,
Yea, both were standard-bearers true
Of "Irish Temperance League,"
Then came the fiery Mullens,
Mullens from Portadown,
Never a man of foeman's clan
Could trample Mullens down.
And still amid the Liberal clans
We might name many more,
So fast, so thick, so long their ranks
Continuèd to pour.

XXIV.

But hark! the cry is "Verdans,"
And, rank on rank afar,
Pressed on the clansmen of that name,
To join them in the war.
Weighty the clan of Verdans,

15.

Calm and unmoved Tomsonius,

ELIAS H. THOMPSON.

16.

Sydnius with the soft brown eyes.

ARTHUR SIDNEY BOOTH CLIBBORN.

17.

Active Julius Pimlio
From mercantile Belfast.

JOHN PIM.

Weighty in deed and word,
And in the Quakri Conclave oft
Their stirring tones are heard.

XXV.

This clan hath ever staunchly held,
By ancient garb and phrase,
And oft hath testimony borne
'Gainst modern Quakri ways.
Head of Conservatorial clans
Ever the van they lead,
And for the right, 'gainst Liberal might,
Would any Verdans bleed.
Sturdy each son of Verdans,
Sturdy in brain and arm,
And ever seeketh Verdans
The Liberals to disarm.
Seldom is son of Verdans
In modern frippery seen:
They love the ways of ancient days,
"The wearing of the green."

XXVI.

And now two foaming chargers bear
A gilded chariot great,
And Fostrio Verdans lighteth down
Before that ancient gate.
Mark well those prancing war-steeds,
Which fleck their breasts with foam,
For better steeds thou might'st not see,
Though thou wert far to roam.
And if thou need'st a charger
Whereon in war to ride,
Call Fostrio Verdans to thine aid,
Thou canst no better guide.

XXVII.

Welcome, good Fostrio Verdans—
Chief of thy sturdy race;
Thy fame hath flown—thy name is known
In many a market-place.
Where China's teeming millions
Amid the tea plants toil—

Where Indian Assam sendeth forth
Her bales of fragrant spoil—
And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And, all around, the frozen ground
Is wrapped in robes of snow—
When the merry urn is hissing,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When round the furnished table
Parents and children sit—
Then, both in lordly mansion
And peasant's hut, is heard
How that the worthy Fostrian name
Is aye a household word.

XXVIII.

By Fostrio in his chariot
There sat a dainty dame—
Emilia Pritchardia—
Who erst bore Verdans' name.
Oh, fair Emilia Verdans!

The day that thou wert wed,
Full sore was many a Quakri heart,
Ached many a Quakri head;
For fair art thou, Emilia,
As is the lily flower,
Or as the fragrant jasmine buds
Which climb around thy bower;
And, hadst thou lived, Emilia,
In high chivalric days,
Spears might have shivered, and to thee,
Have minstrels tuned their lays.

XXIX.

Near to his patron Fostrio,
Alike in garb and mien,
Was learned Carōlus Elcox,
The Anglian Scriptor, seen,
In Anglia had Elcocles earned
A meed of wondrous fame—
And, at the bidding of his chief,
To Erin's Councils came.

18.

For fair art thou Emilia
As is the Lily flower
Or as the fragrant jasmine bud,
Which climbs around thy bower.

EMILY G. UPRICHARD.

19.

Learned Carōlus Elcox.

CHARLES ELCOCK.

Afar he spied out Balko,
And on that champion glared—
And with him would have opened war
That moment, had he dared.

XXX.

Close ranked behind their chieftain,
There marched a dauntless three—
They worship not at Baal's shrine,
Nor to him bend the knee.
Though oft in post of danger,
Not one was e'er afraid:
With mighty helmets on their brows,
In olden garb arrayed.

XXXI.

The midmost of that phalanx—
First of the dauntless three—
Was goodly Willum Verdans:
Of deathless fame was he;
Thrice had his duty called him
To leave his native strand,

And thrice did he the truth proclaim,
In far Columbia's land.
In future Quakri annals,
Which tell of bygone days,
Kind mention will of Willum be—
Kind mention and high praise.
Men call him Stentor Verdans,
For, peal on peal afar
Is heard his voice of thunder loud,
Above the din of war.
Full seventy summers now have seen
His stainless pilgrimage,
Yet, if the form shakes in his gripe,
'Tis more from use than age.

XXXII.

At his right side his brother,
Bold Jakobs Verdans, stood—
As staunch a friend, as stern a foe,
As any of his blood.
He loveth not the Liberals,

Nor bids their cause good-speed,
But 'gainst them aye contendeth—
Not much by word, but deed.

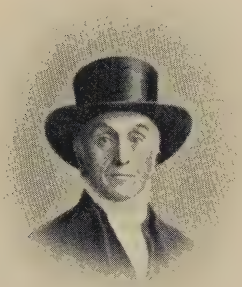
XXXIII.

On his left side stood Shamus—
Last of the dauntless three—
And for the ancient Quakri way
A champion staunch was he.
Beloved is Shamus Verdans,
Welcome in hut and hall,
And aye in "family visits"
Would often kindly call.
Beloved is Shamus Verdans,
And hard to raise to ire—
In figures oft he soars aloft,
Of high poetic fire.

XXXIV.

Behind their gallant chieftain—
Behind the dauntless three—
The serried ranks of Verdans march

Up Lurgan gloriously.
When lo! a chariot stately
Driveth amidst the crowd,
And Verdans hails it joyfully,
With greetings long and loud.
And from the chariot steppeth
A bearded chief and tall,
Full head and shoulders towering o'er
The rest, like kingly Saul.
It is Jacobus Bellum,
The Bellian clan to lead,
And in Conservatorial cause
To strive with word and deed.
And, smiling, by her husband,
Illiza Bella came—
The good Illiza Bella,
Of hospitable fame—
And hark! if thou'rt a stranger
Upon green Erin's ground,
Just let thy style and card upon
Her table soon be found,



20.

Beloved is Shamus Verdans
Beloved in hut and hall.

JAMES GREEN.

21.

It was Jacobus Bellum
A lordly chief and tall,
Full head and shoulders towering o'er
The rest, like kingly Saul.

JAMES GREER BELL.

22.

The good Illiza Bella.

ELIZA G. BELL.

And, if she gives thee not the best
Her pleasant halls afford,
Believe me not, good stranger,
Nor take me at my word.

XXXV.

Another Bellian chariot
Rolled now unto the gate,
'Twas that of Sammio Bellum,
Our Lurgan magistrate.
With him there, too, descended
His fair and gentle spouse
(I counsel thee, good stranger, seek
Their hospitable house).
But now a fairy figure
Trips on with tiny feet,
I trow that seldom fairer
Hath trod that ancient street.
Who now is Liberalis?
Who Conservator now?
For those that will not bend to man,

At Beauty's shrine *must* bow.
Oh, youths, put off your helmets,
Oh, Quakri, draw your blades,
And let us see some battle done,
For daintiest of maids.
Oh, fair Sissilia Bella!
I would that I were young,
And for thy sake a lance might break
The Quakri youths among.

XXXVI.

It may not be;—my legend
Is not of love, but war—
Swift comes a handsome chariot
Up Lurgan street afar.
In it comes high Carōlus,
To stem the Liberal flood—
Carōlus Wakefio Pompus,
Of noblest Quakri blood.
Before the days of Cæsar,
His sires had held their lands,

23.

Sissillia Bella.

SARA A. RICHARDSON.

And aye a Wakefio looks askance
At trade-besoiléd hands.
When Cæsar strove with Pompey,
In Roman days of yore,
A Wakefio stood at Pompey's side,
And Pompey's livery wore.
And so the style of Pompus
They wear with other things—
Their motto is "Prudentia,"
Their crest, a bat with wings.
And so the style of Pompus
Doth Wakefio ever bear—
And not the least of that great name
Comes now, our strife to share.
Carōlus Wakefio Pompus
Thy silver locks do shade
A brow where ripe experience sits,
The Quakri cause to aid.

XXXVII.

Close by the car of Wakefio,
Up Lurgan street amain,

There marched the mighty Bellian clan
  Led on by brethren twain.
The great Edwardus Bellum,
  Of martial form and mould—
Yea, none more rife in Quakri strife,
  In battle none more bold.
March on, then, good Edwardus,
  With pond'rous helm, to war;
But hearken, fluent Bellum,
  Press matters not *too* far.

XXXVIII.

Close by his fluent brother
  Doth Isax Bellum bide—
With Edwărdus goes Isax,
  Whatever else betide,
Yet not so keen as Edwărdus
  Is he for martial strife,
For honest Isax Bellum
  Hath married late in life;
And is it not on record,

24.

Carōlus Wakefio Pompus,
Thy silver locks do shade
A brow where ripe experience sits
The Quakri cause to aid.

CHARLES F. WAKEFIELD.

25.

The great Edwardus Bellum
Of martial form and mould

EDWARD BELL.

In Israel's realm afar,
That those who lately married be,
Need not go forth to war?

XXXIX.

And now I see an helmet strange
Amid the ranks afar,
It gleameth in the autumn sun
Like helmet of Navarre.
'Tis worn by one Jors Jacobs,
His corslet is of grey,
And he, by dint of shoes and hose,
Upholds the Ancient Way.
But even his own party think
The matter overdone;
Men cannot fight with pike and stave
In days of needle-gun.

XL.

And now the clans are gathered,
And marshalled for the fight,

When a single Quakri warrior
Comes solemnly in sight;—
It is Jon-Orrus Verdans,
Of Verdans' lineage good,
And often he amid his clan
In olden days had stood,
And now a true and better light
Shone on his opened mind,
And kindly good Jon-Orrus
To Liberal thought inclined.
"Ho! good Jon-Orrus, bide with us,
Mid bosom of thy clan,"
Called Fostrio Verdans unto him,
"And charge the Liberal van."
"Not so, not so," said Jon-Grobo;
"Orrus, with us abide;
It is thy bounden duty
To aid the Liberal side."
Jon-Orrus gazed a moment,
Those serried ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Jon-Grobo,

26.

Kindly good Jon Orrus.

JOHN ORR GREEN.

To Fostrio nought spake he.
A moment stood he silent,
And then, with sudden start,
Marched Orrus towards the Liberal ranks,
To join them hand and heart.
"Oh, welcome, good Jon-Orrus,"
Loud do the Liberals say,
(But only shout, when you are out,
It is the better way).

XLI.

For forth sprang fierce Elcocles,
He spake a bitter jest—
"The Eaglet once did join the Kites,
And left the Eagle's nest."
And then he seized Jon-Orrus,
But Balko fierce and pale,
While Elcox hauled him by the head,
Did hold him by the tail.
Then Richardsonian clients
Formed into order strong,

The warning notes of Bellum then
For battle high were rung;
But the wise chiefs on either hand
Did stem the rising tide,
And, since that day, Jon-Orrus sits
Upon the Liberal side.

XLII.

And now in solemn Conclave,
Behold, the clans are met;
And, 'neath the hoary Elders,
The judgment-place is set.
And the old Quakri Annals,
That tell of bygone deeds,
Are placed with reverence on the board,
With parchment, ink, and reeds.

XLIII.

But lo! no Censor filleth
The Censor's lofty seat,
And while that chair is vacant,
No sentence is complete.

27.

Fredrius Harrus.
(Censor)

JOHN FREDERICK HARRIS.

So, after weighty silence
Had wrapped all faithful hearts,
An accent loud, above the crowd,
From a far corner parts.
And Hark! the cry is "Harrus,"
Echoed by either side—
For Fredrius hath been Censor
Through many a famous Ide,
Through many a deadly peril,
Hath held his even way,
With junius Pimlio at his side,
To still the rising fray.

XLIV.

Chapmanni and the Belli,
Verdantes, with the might
Of Elcocles the Scriptor,
Are marshalled on the right.
For there sits Fostrio Verdans—
He of the hand so free
Whose Scriptor bold, of selfsame mould,
He hath called across the sea.

XLV.

High sits Carōlus Pompus
Among the Elders there,
And at his side, his ancient bride,
Her locks unblanched by care.
Carōlus Wakefio Pompus—
A stately form and hale—
Upholds the "Living Remnant"
Still left within our pale.

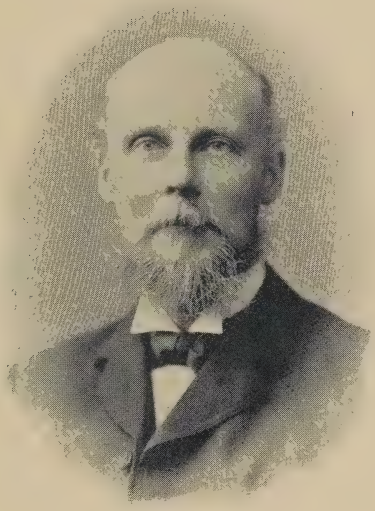
XLVI.

Far on the right are rallied
The Liberals, gens on gens,
The patrōn with his clients,
The Scriptor with his pens.
See Richardsonian brethren—
See Orrus of the Green—
Yea, from the Green, Jon Orrus,
Thy lineage hath been.
See Martius and Wardo,
Squirans of Anglian race;

28.

Martius.

JOSEPH C. MARSH.



29.

Squirans of Anglian race.

EDWIN SQUIRE.

Calm and unmoved Tomsonius ;—
Full many a sturdy face—
Full many a courage dauntless
Methinks is gathered now :
The merchant from the city,
The farmer from the plough.

XLVII.

Lo ! with due weight, the Censor
Hath risen from his seat,
And, with a cautious accent,
He gives forth counsel meet.
He counsels peace in judgment,
Strife doth he deprecate,
Adjuring each to seek the weal
Of our fair Quakri state ;
That none might for a party
Forget this common weal,
But each, ignoring ancient wrongs,
True brotherhood might feel.
Yet, while the cautious Censor

Poureth the peaceful oil,
The waters have begun to heave,
And righteous blood to boil.
Ho! strike thy colours, Censor!
Well thou the end may know,
For are not words our lawful swords,
Wherewith to fell the foe?
Balko looked on the Scriptor,
Elcox on Balko then,—
Though they indeed be Quakri,
Censor! they first are men.

XLVIII.

Now, while Edwardus Bellum
Ponders on words to say,
Brooding o'er rules of Quakri schools,
A figure spare and grey
Hath risen, and, with solemn mien,
Hath cast aside his hat,
And gazes stern upon the place
Where high the Fathers sat;

Well known is that grey figure,
  Well are those accents known
In marts of Limerick city,
  In Dublin streets of stone.
Never a feast biennial,
  Never a Conclave day,
That Jors Jacobus comes not
  To uphold the Ancient Way
And now his soul is heavy
  With new and bitter wrong,
For from the lips of Quakri
  Hath poured the voice of song!
As he this sin denounces,
  With many a measured word,
Behold the left ranks bowing,
  As corn by wind is stirred!
In his high seat, Carōlus
  Bendeth his stately head,
And all his faithful clients
  Follow their chieftain's lead.

XLIX.

But, while the Liberalés
Can scarce their ire command,
Up springs tall Junius Pimlio,
Beckoning with outstretched hand.
Quoth he, "Ye Quakri, gathered
"To stern and high debate,
"Fear not to-day to grapple
"With question of such weight;
"Long has the voice of singing
"Been silent in our halls—
"Speak to the matter, Quakri!
"Speak out, whate'er befalls!"
Then spake the cautious Censor,
"The time is short, good friends;
"Let us put off the evil day,
"And seek more peaceful ends."

L.

But now no wily warning
Can stem the tide of speech—

From man to man, from clan to clan,
The torrent's force doth reach.
'Twere easier far to limit
The Lagan's waters loud,
Or bid the wave to cease to lave
Bundoran's coast-cliff proud.

LI.

Then first rose fiery Mullens,
And placed in fair array
The benefits accruing
From hymn and sacred lay;
And, from a wide experience,
Full many a proof he drew,
That those who raise a tuneful praise
May claim a guidance true.
"And why should we denounce it,
"Who, as a people, prize
"Those sweet melodious accents ! ! !
"Which from our Elders rise?"

LII.

And now Carōlus Wakefio
Hath risen from his place,
With many a word of warning,
This heresy to face.
He utters grave prediction—
He utters weighty doom
On all who rule, in house or school,
To give this singing room.
He calls old time to witness
Against this "music fine,"
To prove it is of weakness
The "indubitable" sign.
"But other things are needful
"For Zion's good estate—
"He would our weekly conclaves
"Were counted more of weight;
"He bore his testimony
"By meeting twice each week
"And longed that all the faithful
"Like privilege should seek."

LIII.

Scarce had he ceased when faster
Than I can tell the tale,
Wilhenrius Sinto sprang to use
His spiritual flail.
Quoth he, " Religion spotless
" Consists not in the ease
" Of those who ride, in cars of pride,
" To Conclaves such as these.
" Go to ! ye mighty Elders :
" Go to ! men full of meat :
" Feed lean and hungry orphans,
" Raise beggars from the street ! "

LIV.

But Fredrius Balko rises,
To bear discussion back
Where Carolus had left it—
To choose another track.
He spake of our Fore-Elder,
Most favoured in the truth,
And how by song his heart was raised,

In time of doubt and ruth;—
How prison walls re-echoed
To his melodious strains,
And fellow-sufferers were cheered,
And quite forgot their chains.
"And now let this suffice us;
"May we be all concerned
"To welcome back the ancient gift,
"That Foxius hath not spurned.
"And let those men among us
"Who seek to keep it back,
"Know that of holy guidance
"They show most fatal lack."

LV.

Hard looked he at Elcocles,
At Verdans hard looked he—
And every man hath turned him round,
This combat high to see;
For thus our youthful warriors
Learn how to meet the foe—

Watching afar those grey in war
Strike deadly blow on blow.

LVI.

The Scriptor heard in silence,
And braced him for the fight,
But, when fierce Balko's words had ceased,
He struck with main and might,—
Dealt blows of cutting satire,
Spake words in bitter wrath,
And called bold Fredrius Balko
"A stumbler in the path.
"And not alone a stumbler,
"But stumbling-block art thou
"To all who love the Ancient Way,
"Nor to the outward bow.
"For music loud and singing
"Are but a poor pretence
"To simulate the *inward*,
"And please the *outward*, sense.

LVII.

Now ancient Stentor Verdans—
Who, dull of ear with age,
Had scarcely heard the clashing
Of home-thrusts given in rage—
Raises the thunderous accents
That every Quakor knew,
And calls the assembled people
"Half Ashdod and half Jew!"
Next rose his kinsman Shamus,
And wrapped his words around
With simile intricate,
And metaphor profound.
"Deep among Zion's daughters
"Hath Music's leaven spread,
"Small wonder dust, and moth, and rust,
"Have covered us," he said.
And now hear other combatants
Raising their minor tone,
And hear Jacobus Bellum
"Mock Methodism!" groan.

30.

Radlius (Magister.)

JOSEPH RADLEY.

"Yea, such is this your singing,"
Quoth he, with bated breath,
Gazing on high at Balko,
At Radlius beneath.

LVIII.

Fostrio, the Verdans' leader,
Spake, with words calm and cold:
"From School and from Foundation
I have not withheld my gold;
But, as they do forget the truths
That we have held so long,
And countenanced vain singing
Of so-called Sacred Song,
I call ye all to witness,
That I this day withdraw
All aid from Buttercup-field School,
For flagrant breach of law."
With short and trenchant utterance,
Jon-Grobo outspake then,
"For every five I gave before,
Henceforth will *I* give ten!"

LIX.

But now Edwardus Bellum
Uprose, with helm on head,
To utter heartfelt unity
With what the Green had said.
"In truth, *he* felt not easy
"To abet this noisy Tune,
"For if the snake thrusts in its head,
"Its whole length follows soon."
Josephus Richardsonius
Answered, in hasty wise,
"If these good friends their aid withhold,
"Then must the School-fees rise."

LX.

At that upsprang Edwardus
As wounded wild-cat springs
Full at the daring hunter,
Whom fast to earth he brings.
"Aye, thus with bond oppressive,
"And mammon-seeking laws,

"Ye seek to take our heritage,
"Trampling a righteous cause.
"Thou reck'st not of the poor man,
"Who meek his own field ploughs—
"Beware! thou hastiest clansman
"Of a most hasty house!
"Beware! I say, Josephus,
"Mightier than ye have bowed;
"A stronger man and prouder clan
"Have passed beneath the cloud!"

LXI.

Then out spake good Jon-Orrus;
"Friends, one and all," quoth he,
"I would I could unriddle much
"That seemeth strange to me.
"Can all be rightly guided,
"And all diverse, I ask?
"A plain man's thoughts upon this point
"I will no longer mask.
"For Fathers strike at Elders,

"Elders lay Commons low,
"Yet doth each claim that from the same
"High Source his actions flow.
"Oh, members of a favoured race,
"Would ye were more concerned
"All to unite, to trim that light
That once within us burned!"

LXII.

But scarce these tones remonstrant
Avail the war to quell,
For wrathful murmurs from the right,
Roll like an underswell.
Then, when the Censor rises,
A hearing to demand,
Stout grasp is laid upon him—
Stout grasp on either hand.
For fiery Mullens feareth
The words that he will say,
And Wakefio would have him
To uphold the Ancient Way.

Pity of Censor Harrus,
For he was ill at ease—
'Twas hard to please the Ancient,
The Modern hard to please.
But now the opposing forces
Leave him a moment free,
And in a tone that riseth soon
To its calm, wonted key,
He readeth loud the minute,
Of which the last words say,
" And now we part, if Heaven permit,
" To meet another day."

LXIII.

But think not, kindly reader,
All Quakri are for war—
Nay, whilst their elders wrangled
With many a wordy jar,
The youthful Quakri wandered
By lovely Lurgan Lake,
And did, in shady Lurgan woods,
Their pleasant pastime take.

LXIV.

Sweet to the brave is conflict,
Sweet to the miser, gold,
Sweet to the chieftain that his name
On thousand tongues be told.
But sweeter far the whisper
Of plighted youth and maid,
In Autumn's golden sunlight,
Beneath the chestnut shade.
Aye, sweet is love's low whisper,
And sweet in very truth
The modest blush of maiden,
The chivalry of youth.
Even we, who speak of lovers
In cold and careless phrase,
O'er us come memories thronging
Of happy golden days.
Those days have fled for ever—
Buds may not always bloom,
But old and withered roses yield
A very sweet perfume.

So wend ye forth, young Quakri,
By meadow and by mead,
And may the love of Heaven bless
Your love, in very deed.

LXV.

And hearken, ancient Quakri,
Ye mighty Elders great,
To an old and humble Quakor,
Who loves the Quakri state.
Ye talk of "Dear Young People,"
And think that unto such
Ye still must utter precept,
And send instruction much;—
Go forth, and see your children,
In Lurgan woods afar,
And take example by *their* deeds,
Who'd rather love than war.

LXVI.

Now list, the Munster Quakri
Each other so have cleft,
That scarcely in all Munster

Is breath of Quakri left.
In Leinster, too, the Quakri
Go out to other creeds,
And hardly is there ministry
Enough for Quakri needs.
Now, from these dire examples
A timely warning take,
Or else will Ulster follow
Most surely in their wake.
And so, good Ulster Quakri,
Have done with these sad jars,
Shake hands, ye Ulster Quakri,
And make no more your wars.

LXVII.

See widows lowly wailing,
See orphans on the street,
Clothe naked, feed the hungry,
And give to them to eat.
"Be friends," ye Ulster Quakri,
And look to Him above,
Who is not Lord of faction,
But is the Lord of Love.

THE QUAKRI

AT

GRANGE

PREFACE TO "THE QUAKRI AT GRANGE"

"*The Quakri at Grange*" was composed in 1882, but has never until now been published. It relates to the annual or biennial feast (otherwise Quarterly Meeting) held at Grange in that year, on the date of the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, June 18th, when the difference of opinion upon the subject of Music may be said to have reached its culminating point, and after which the hereditary good feeling and deference to each other's conscientious views, which have for more than two centuries characterized the Quakri, reasserted themselves. The majority would now admit at all

events, that if "Orpheus" had not been made so much of by the Liberalés it might have been better for himself and for his future career.

It has been the lot of the writer as well as that of many of his readers to serve as a member of various assemblies, public and private, but in no other assemblies that he is aware of, except those of the Society of Friends, are decisions of grave importance and involving much difference of opinion, come to, year after year, over a course of two centuries, without a vote ever having been taken; such decisions being arrived at by the pronouncement of the "Clerk" or Chairman, who after ample discussion pronounces what he considers to be "the feeling of the Meeting." Nor is the writer aware of any instance of that pronouncement having ever been seriously challenged.

Although only seventeen years have elapsed since the events depicted in this ballad, all that has been said in the Preface to the "*Quakri at Lurgan*," respecting the passing away of so many of the *dramatis personæ*, might be repeated in this preface, and even emphasized.

The true poet may indeed be also a prophet, but it is evidently not so with the mere ballad-monger. His prophecy in the ensuing pages, that

"While the deep Blackwater
Rolls past the Charlemont Hill
Will Grange in month of Juno
Behold the Quakri still"

has only too soon been falsified.

The ranks of those around Grange who only a short time back so gladly dispensed their cordial and pleasant hospitality are sadly thinned.

Of all annual or biennial feasts, those held at rural Grange seemed ever to the writer from the years of his boyhood to be the most delightful.

The summer season, the welcome accorded by the peasantry, whose calendar was dated rather by the Quaker than by the solar year, and who tidied their homesteads and whitewashed their cottages for the occasion, flocking in numbers to the "Meetings for Worship," the "Conclave Hall"

approached by leafy lanes, and itself embowered in summer woods, all combined to give a special charm to the Quarterly Meetings at Grange.

The distance, however, from any town or village of importance rendered those who attended these conclaves to be dependent upon private hospitality, which as already hinted, was lavishly provided in farm house and manor; but farms and mansions have changed hands and "Quaker Grange" now knows its annual and biennial feasts no more.

Truly

"The old order passeth, giving place to the new
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Truly also we may say—

"Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou that changest not, abide with me."

JAMES N. RICHARDSON
BESSBROOK

7th mo. 1899

THE QUAKRI AT GRANGE

1882

Ho trumpets sound a war-note,
  Ho lictors clear the way!
The Quakri ride, but in 'minished pride,
  To rural Grange this day.
The month was that of Juno,
  Olympian spouse of Jove,
The day was that whereon of old
  Fierce Gaul with Anglia strove.*
And as ye Quakri marched to hall
  With step or lithe or slow,
Little ye recked of the fierce fight
  Which was fought so long ago.
Yet of the spirit warlike
  Which then at Waterloo

* The 18th of June.

Made Gaul to yield on Flemish field,
Much doth abide with you,

But when at Grange the Quakri
Do hold biennial feast
Though mustering there, in corslets rare,
From distant West and East.
Yet not as into Lurgan
In utmost pomp came they,
With chargers' prance, and chariots' glance
And glittering war array;
For the old order passeth,
There cometh time and change,
And iron horse and iron car
The Quakri bear to Grange.

Alas, we may not dare the deeds
Done by our fathers true;
Our elders copy Lawson's beard
And sport the ribbon blue.
Yea, "Tempora mutantur,"
Since High Carōlus drave

To Grange his tandem chariot
In scarlet corslet brave.

And yet though dim the radiance
Which shone in ancient days,
Though e'en the "Living Remnant" now
Are found in devious ways,
Yet long to Grange will Quakri
In mustering squadrons come,
Glad for a space their steps to trace
From distant city's hum.
For sweet is Grange in summer,
And 'neath its foliage green,
O gentle stranger, thou may'st gaze
On many a sylvan scene.
Close to the place of gathering
Are cots and sheepfolds seen
And meadow lands and emerald flax
And apple-orchards green,
The swine roam through the "lone-ends"*
(Rent-paying gentlefolks,)

* Lanes.

Upon the turf by Verner's Bridge
The peasant's cottage smokes,
Far on the left stands Trew-Mount
Which, hid by larch and pine,
Like eagle's nest hangs o'er the crest
Above the iron line.

There Richardsonius Jonnus
Dwelleth—a warlike lord,
But shun not, therefore, Quakri
His hospitable board
Yea Richardsonius Jonnus
A high centurion he,
Centurion in that ancient band
The "Tyrone Artilleree"
(Their target they have often hit
In the middle of Lough Neagh).

And not his pleasant portals
Alone are opened wide;
Tell me a kindlier race than they
Who live the Grange beside.

I.

Knowest thou the clan of Bearcri,
Who spread their generous store
For travel-stainèd Quakri
At Redford and Stangmore?

WILLIAM BARCROFT.

Greevsius hath store of forage
And stalls for fifty steeds.
Tall Pikans faileth not to care
For Quakri champions' needs.
Knowest thou the clan of Bearcri?—
These spread their generous store
For travel-stainéd Quakri
At Redford and Stangmore.
Wilhelmus whose fleet war steeds
Do baffle time and tide.
And Fredrius, who from distant Down
Hath borne a gracious bride,
Jonathus—long to Pikans
Ally in peace and war—
The Bearcri these, the Bear their sign,
Borne yellow on their banner dign
When Cromwell led them o'er the brine
From Anglian realms afar.

Yea, sweet is Grange in summer,
When 'neath a sky of blue
Far from their warring elders

Young Quakri, two and two,
Together fondly wander
For Cupid's bolts can range
As *by the Lake of Lurgan,*
Along the lanes of Grange.
And while the deep "Blackwater"
Rolls past the Charlemont hill,
May Grange in month of Juno
Behold the Quakri still.

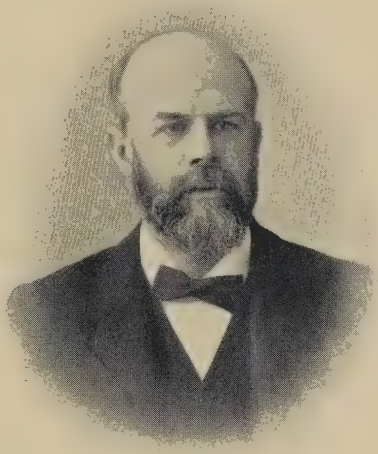
Up rose the golden morning
Over the Charlemont height
The second of that conclave high
Marked evermore in white.
Not without secret tremor
The Liberals saw their foes,
For scattered wide their chiefs of pride,
While strong their foemen rose.
Brave in the post of danger stood
Arthurus Pimlio cool
But Davisonian clients where
From Buttercupfield school?

And Richardsonian brethren
Where on that day were ye?
Say did ye bend at Mammon's shrine
And to him bend the knee?
Jacobus Nicholsonius
True champion, where wert thou?
What "deeds of trust," Josephus,
Did cloud thy thunder-brow?
Where wert thou, good John Grobo,
While far from sacred fold
Thy gallant Bessbrook clients fought
Without their leader bold?

'Tis read in story olden
When manly courage quails
In hour of deadliest peril
Oft woman's heart prevails:
How Eleanor the poison
Sucked from her monarch's side,
How Roman matrons by the walls
Quelled Coriolanus' pride—
How the dark maids of Carthage

Shore fast their raven hair
So that their lovers in the fight
No stringless bows should bear.
Thus in the hour of peril
Their toil to cheer and share
Wilsonia of the silver tongue
Stood 'mid the Liberals there.
Alas—she may but sojourn
Alas—she cannot stay,
Shame on ye—Youths of Ulster—
She doth not bide for aye!
Say were there no fair maids abroad
Or no true gallants here,
That Vigors crossed the seas to woo
And win Wilsonia dear?

And 'mid the Liberal muster
Methinks a presence strange
And little known to Quakri
Came forth that day to Grange:
'Tis Orpheus the blind singer
Dependant on the hand
Of gentle friend to lead him



2.

Vigors
Who crossed the seas to woo and win.

VIGURS HARRIS.

3.

Wilsonia
Of the Silver Tongue

FANNY HARRIS.

Athwart that pleasant land ;
Ah—not for him its verdure
And wealth of summer bloom,
In darkness deep doth Orpheus walk
In blindness and in gloom.
And yet no spirit gloomy
Doth this young Orpheus bear
Ready is aye this Orpheus
In Quakri strife to share
And Heaven by whose high councils
His blindness has decreed
Had given to Orpheus voice most sweet
And memory good at need.
But mark, alas, how Quakri
Have fallen on evil days,
When this blind singer dares to use
His voice in songs of praise ! ! !

Sintonius Benjaminus
Had on the left his post,
With all the poems of the land

And poems of the coast.
Mounted on solemn cycle
Whose bearings shone like flame,
Upon his head an helmet
Of type 'twere ill to name;
Chiefest of Quakri wheelmen,
Spurning the longest road,
Over his dinted armour
A vest of purple flowed,
Woven in the realms of Munster
By Munster's fair-browed daughters
And on Sintonian shoulders borne
Up from the Southern waters.

Sintonius Benjaminus
Hath ridden into the East,
Sintonius Benjaminus
Hath tilted with a priest;
Sintonius Benjaminus
Hath ridden into the West,
Before him every foeman
Hath bent an humbled crest;

4.

Sintonius Benjaminus.

BENJAMIN SINTON.

Sintonius Benjaminus
Hath journeyed in the South,
And there this Quakor errant
Aye closed the dragon's mouth ;
Sintonius Benjaminus
Hath foughten in the North,
Sintonius Benjaminus
Hath come victorious forth ;
Sintonius Benjaminus
Hath ceased awhile to range,
And wreathing laurel round his brows
Comes forth this day to Grange.

But gentle stranger, look thee
Behold a splendid sight—
Behold conservatorial clans
Fast gathering on the right.
Behold the flag of Verdans
Flaunt on the morning breeze,
Behold Chapmannian helmets glance
Beneath the leafy trees.
In front their leader Fostrio brave

Doth march with step most blithe,
Not one in ten of other men
At forty years more lithe.
Yea, Fostrio well named Verdans,
Thou champion ever green,
Right glad thy clan to see thee
At Grange this day I ween,
And with thee Fostrio Jana
Whose witchery all confess,
The witchery of a generous heart
And deeds of kindliness.

Lo, comes the Scriptor Elcox
In armour all of grey,
At Grange as erst at Lurgan
Most keen for furious fray.

And lo—I see an helmet
Distinct from all the rest,
Well known to sight, that helmet white,
Well-known that dark brown vest;
'Tis that of Shamus Verdans,
Beloved in hut and hall,

His word is weighty, and his rank
Is arch-diaconal,
And his dark-brown vest this morning
Is decked with a garland gay,
And the fingers fair which placed it there
I know but cannot say.

But in the centre thickest
Where ranged the helms of foes,
And in the centre loudest
Whence cry of battle rose,
Where marched the Bellian succours,
Where in a stern dark ring
Chapmannian exiles gathered close
To guard the ancient thing,
Of old, where in that vortex
Great deeds of arms were wrought,
Of old, with mighty helmet crowned,
Edwardus Bellum fought.

But fast, with heels wild spurning,
He from the North hath fled,

He hath left the ranks of her fighting men
And sought the South instead;
With bridle far outstreaming,
With flanks all flecked with foam,
He hath sought the Southern mountains
Far from his father's home.
The way was long and rugged,
The Land-League howled and whined,
But could Land-League, more than reason,
E'er change Edwardus' mind?
The children of many a hamlet
That wondrous helm did greet.
He rode to the gates of Dublin,
He rode through each long wide street,
But he entered nor tower nor temple,
Nor paused he in his race,
Till he stood before the open door
Of his Southern dwelling-place.
And there doth dwell Edwardus
In the gentle Southern land,
And for safety trusts to his Quaker garb,

As well as his good right hand.
But Bellum, beside thy Quaker garb,
Keep cautious tongue, cool head,
For Carlow is not Megabbery,
And thou might'st be boycotted.

Long time the Conclave lasted,
At length amid the throng
Young Orpheus—the blind singer—
The Quakri bard of song,
Before that mighty Conclave
With timorous mien arose :
Better indeed upon that day
He did not see his foes.
Quoth he—" Oh friendly Quakri,
" Think it not very strange
" If in your midst a deed is done
" Unknown to ancient Grange ;
" High Heaven in mystic counsel
" Hath ta'en from me my sight,
" Hath left me with less means than you

" To wage the Christian fight ;
" Yet He that smote hath blessed me,
" And so I fain would raise
" Here in this mighty Conclave
" On high an hymn of praise.
" I know some may condemn it,
" And long have I forborne,
" But this I dare no longer
" Lest inward peace be torn."

He ceased—and in that gathering
Oh who will dare to speak ?
For the bravest Quakor trembled,
And pale grew every cheek.
There lacked not men of prowess
Or men of war-like race,
For those of Ulster's boldest
Stood round that fatal place.
But there, of Ulster's boldest,
None could find strenuous tone
When they saw that young blind singer
Stand in their midst alone.

Yet one man in one moment
Sprang up before the crowd,
Well-known was he beyond the sea,
And they gave him greeting loud.

As glares the Roman eagle
From the Digentian rock,
On some choice lamb which roams afar
From mid Bandusia's flock,
So Elcox on the singer
Bore down with eagle speed—
The learned Carōlus Elcox,
A champion good at need.

And now may some one query—
Mid Ulster's Quakri strong
Was none but Anglian scriptor
To stem the tide of song;
Was none but bold Elcocles
The Ancient Way to save,
And earn the laurel wreath which crowns
The bravest of the brave?

'Tis thus—The highest courage
Comes aye with oldest line,
The memories of the fathers' deeds
Their gallant sons enshrine,
And through their inmost being
Round every fibre twine,
And so they seek on dangerous fields
That they may likewise shine.

And of Horatius Cocles
'Tis not for me to tell :
Dear is his name, and high his fame
Who kept the bridge so well,
Who saved from proud King Tarquin
The portals of his home,
What time the " Thirty Cities "
Went forth to war with Rome.

When Cæsar came to Britain
A Coclian in his train,
Descendant of Horatius bold,
Did follow and remain.

From him hath dauntless valour
Down to our time been sent,
Through Saxon, Dane and Norman,
By many a long descent.
With Arthur 'gainst the heathen
A Coclian took the field;
A Coclian by King Harold's side
Fell, covered with his shield.
When Richard, upon Palestine,
Poured in with mail-clad swarm
At Acre and at Ascalon
A Coclian led the storm.
(And yet he *felt* the Saracens
Had somewhat of divine
Because *their head-gear ne'er was doffed*
In Palace, Mosque, or Shrine.)
Upon the French at Agincourt
The Coclian arrows flew,
Amid Cromwellian Ironsides
His sword a Coclian drew,
A Coclian stood amid the squares

At deathless Waterloo—
So deem it not unreal,
Nor think it passing strange,
If Coclian valour took the lead
That day at ancient Grange

"Now by your children's cradles
"Now by your fathers' graves
"Be men to-day, oh Quakri,
"Or be for ever slaves!
"Shall this blind singer awe the race
"Of Barclay, Fox and Penn?
"Shall we, whom Cromwell could not quench
"Bow down to modern men?
"Beware then, youthful Quakor,
"And take to thee good heed,
"Lest thou art held responsible
"For doing of this deed.
"Shall voice of song re-ehco
"Within these ancient walls?
"Speak to the matter, Quakri,
"Speak e'er our ruin falls!"

He ceased, and the blind singer
Trembled and dared not speak,
Then cried Wilhenrius Sinto
(Not he I trow so meek)
And quoth aloud, "Good people,
"All who are gathered here,
"The Quakor who hath spoken last
"Is neither Overseer—
"Nor Elder eke—nor Minister,
"Nor doth he office hold
"Amid the Ulster Quakri
"Although he speak so bold."

Jonathus Bearcus then arose
"Nor for quick change," quoth he,
"Am I, oh Ulster Quakri--
"And yet when here I see
"A young blind singer in our midst,
"Arise and humbly pray
"Permission to relieve his mind,
"I dare not say him nay.

"'Twere 'gainst the rules of Quakri,
"'Twere rash and 'twere unkind
"Not to allow each Quakor
"*A free relief of mind.*"
Then ten-fold around Orpheus
The roar of battle rose,
Like the roar of a burning forest
When the breath of the North wind blows.
"Go on—Go on, Oh Orpheus"
Loudly the Liberals cry.
"Quakri, stand firm," quoth Elcox
"And win this fight or die!"
At length the voice of Orpheus
Arose amid the throng:
Then *first in halls of ancient Grange*
Was heard the voice of song!!!

Then up arose Elcocles
With a slow and a lordly pace,
And joined by Fostrio Verdans,
Strode from that fatal place

Like to the Great Twin Brethren
Who rode to Vesta's fane,
And when they came to Vesta's porch
They vaulted down amain;
But when they heard the Vestal song
Proceed from Vesta's door,
Then like a blast away they past
And no man saw them more.

And when those chiefs of station
From off the field had flown,
The voice of the young blind singer
Took firmer, fuller tone;
Again amid that Conclave
His voice in song was heard,
And till the singer ended
Spoke none an angry word.

But when the singer ended
Then Shamus Verdans rose—
The kindly Shamus Verdans,
Beloved of friends and foes,

He of the large white helmet,
He of the dark brown vest,
But torn alas with anguish
The garland on his breast.
" It needs not in this Conclave
" For me to rise and tell
" How aye from earliest childhood
" I've loved the Quakri well;
" But like Ezekiel's river
" Which flowed through sacred street,
" Behold these waters musical
" Which long have laved our feet
" At length have reached our ankles,
" And each one plainly sees
" How in short time from this sad day
" They will have reached our knees;
" From thence unto our middles
" They'll very soon have spread,
" Until they lave our very chins
" And overflow our head."

" Yea long I've loved the Quakri
" And striven for Quakri rule,

"Since that I learned it long ago
"A little boy at school.
"But oh, alas, the gold most fine
"Becomes each day more dim,
"Our laws by Southern guile are changed
"And now comes noisy hymn;
"I may not in this decadence
"By timorous silence share
"But must against all *outward* song
"My testimony bear.
"This day I long have dreaded,
"This day I long foresaw,
"And I from Quakri Conclave
"In brokenness withdraw."

And then did Shamus Verdans
From curule seat descend,—
The kindly Shamus Verdans,
Beloved of foe and friend,
He also to the portals
With martial footsteps pressed,
And all men saw, with wildered awe
That he was sore distressed.

Again rose that blind singer
With visage ashen pale,
For at the words of Shamus
He well was seen to quail,
And trembling said—" No Quakor
" Must e'er for me withdraw ;
" If so it be I have transgressed
" And broken your Quakri law,
" Mine—mine be the withdrawal,
" I will to other spheres
" Wherein a blind boy's hymns of praise
" Shall not offend the ears."

" Orpheus, thou shalt not leave us ! "
'Twas Quakri maid that spoke
In accents which, half choked with tears,
Upon the Conclave broke.
Then said Hobsonius Georgius,
Who rose and spake short while—
The good Hobsonius Georgius,
(Well known his placid smile)—
He told his Quakri brethren

"That though it might be wrong
"Somehow he felt an 'Unity'
"With the blind singer's song."

Wilhelmus Jonnus Dawsans then
Upon the Conclave sprung
The tender plaintive accents
Of the Cootehillian tongue;
He viewed not these proceedings
With over-anxious dread,
He said "his soul was not cast down
"Nor much disquieted."

Though the sweet soul of Dawsans
Might not within him quail,
The lips of matrons trembled
And maids wore faces pale;
And all along the Gallery!—
Where was Josephus then?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a score of men.

And where Illiza Jana?
In youth and age the fair—

Through the long years since erst she played
Amid the halls of Cahir—
Cahir-Castle and Cahir-Abbey
In ivied beauty dure
Reflected bright in many a reach
Of the "Sweet River Suir"—
The Butler and the Geraldine
Oft strove for those gray walls,
The Ormond and the Desmond—each
Have feasted in their halls.—
At Cahir the salmon leapeth,
At Cahir the fox-hounds bay,
On Cahir's green "Inch" the red kine browse
All the hot summer's day;
In Cahir of yore the Quakri dwelt
In garb and numbers fair,
"Poor Cahir" hath memories sad and gay
And store of legends rare.

And from within ten bow-shots
Of Suir's sweet silver tide
Five Richardsonian Champions

5.

And where Illiza-Jana
In youth and age the fair,
Since the long years when erst she roamed
Amid the halls of Cahir?

ELIZA JANE RICHARDSON

Have northwards borne a bride.
'Twixt Cahir and Rock of Cashel
There lies the fairy ring,
Where still the sprites on moonlight nights
Dance round their elfin King.
If mortal man behold them
He spell-bound walks for aye,
Yea, and a life-long homage
For that one glance must pay—
Fit emblem of the circle
Of those five sisters fair
Mid whom Illiza Jana roamed
Around the walls of Cahir.

But like a horse unbroken
When first it feels the rein
That mighty Conclave struggled hard—
Its order to retain;
Yet burst the curb and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free—
Like some great stream whose swol'n career

Past battlement and plank and pier
Rolls headlong to the sea.

Yea—burst that annual Conclave
Without the shake of hand
Which is the signal to disperse
In every Quakri land—
Which is the favored signal
In Conclaves small and great,
And for that signal to disperse
The Quakri ever wait.
The Quakor foremost sitting
Upon the curule dais
Oft after much and weighty thought
Ungloves his hand with grace,
And to the matron nearest
Giveth that ungloved hand—
This, this the signal to disperse
In every Quakri land.
This signal hath for ages
Survived all time and change,

Alas, that it was set aside
That day at annual Grange.

But oh, my Quakri brethren,
When these high deeds I saw,
Small wonder that mine aged heart
Was filled with fear and awe;
For I have wandered lonely
On far and foreign shore
And ever home returning
Have loved the Quakri more.
Methought that after Lurgan's field
This civic strife would cease,
Methought that Ulster Quakri
Perchance might dwell in peace.

'Tis writ in deathless poem
By Northern Wizard's pen,
"Woe to a nation when she sees
"The tears of bearded men."
Such tears abroad betimes I've seen
In days of awful feud,
When nations twain on Europe's plain

Their swords with blood imbrued;
But these could never move me
Or render me afraid,
As when I see the tear-drops shine
In eyes of Quakri maid.

As meat is to the hungry
As to the priest, the shrine,
As to the pallid city slave
The breeze from off the brine.
So to the poet—beauty,
Meat, drink and ocean breeze.
Beauty he ever seeks for,
On earth, in clouds, on seas.
Wrinkled the poet now, and old,
And tuned his lyre with pain,
But when he sings of beauty
His youth renews again.

Beautiful is the primrose,
Herald of early spring,
Beautiful in the woodland

The wild birds carolling;
Yea,—Beautiful the summer,
With teeming wealth of flowers—
Gems of lost Eden's loveliness
They deck this world of ours;
Beauteous in golden autumn
When the reaper's work is done,
To see the shadows of the sheaves
Grow long before the sun;
And beautiful is winter,
With a beauty all his own,
When the snow king spreads his pinions white
And sits on his icy throne.
Beautiful are the hoar hairs
So they be found with good;
Beautiful can man's autumn be
In wisdom's garnered mood,
If through the prime of summer time
Best wisdom is pursued.
But oh for the spring-tide beauty
Ere the days of care and ruth,

The rosy streak on the rounded cheek
In the beautiful hour of youth.

And so beware, ye Quakri,
Who voice of song would stay:
Beware lest by harsh deed or word
Ye mar the Ancient Way.
Beware, beware, lest beauty
Espouse the foeman's cause;
The tears of beauty will outweigh
The strictest of your laws.
Think ye your laws by Quakri youth
Will better be obeyed,
If that those laws make bright drops shine
In eyes of Quakri maid?

And Quakri, old and modern—heed
These feeble words of mine,
Or if ye will not, counsel seek
From seers of your line.

Anne-Gardna hath high wisdom,
Yea, wisdom most profound;
In all the Quakri colleges
Is no such wisdom found.
Gilchristia seeth visions,
Dread scenes of times to be,
And in the watches of the night
Dreamer of dreams is she.
Like to the priestess race who dwelt
At Delphi's mystic shrine,
So dwelleth second-sight amidst
Gilchristia's Scottish line.
As maids in burnished mirror
Their own fair forms behold,
And raptly gaze on braided hair,
And pearl and zone of gold,
So in the mirrored future
Before Gilchristia's ken,
Rise awesome forms, and goblin shapes,
Unseen by common men.

But if to either of these twain
To bring your cause you fear,
Close to your Conclave Hall of Grange
There dwells another seer —
In mansion flower-embosomed
Spring, summer, winter, fall,
Harrietta Nicholsonia dwells
At Bridge beside the Taul.

There with her daughter Jana
Harrietta ever dwells,
In mercy's deeds *her* witchcraft
In friendliness *her* spells.
To her my Quakri brethren,
The modern and the old,
To her go forth with humbled mien,
And your sad tale unfold.

And as erst rode the Roman knights
To Mars without the wall,
So ride ye in processional
To Bridge beside the Taul.

Each knight was robed in purple,
With olive each was crowned,
And under each a war-horse proud
Pawed haughtily the ground.
So in best Conclave-corslets,
So crowned with helmets tall,
So in procession shall ye ride.
To Bridge beside the Taul.

Methinks I see them coming
By sheepfold and by stall,
Past the Rich-hillian orchards
Unto the Seer's hall.
Methinks I hear her warning
And words of counsel sage—
The stored and garnered wisdom
Of a long pilgrimage—

"Leave to the Ritualistic
"His vestments and perfumes,
"Leave to the Calvinistic
"His high Synodic fumes,

"Leave to the Methodistic
"By eloquence to score,
"And to the Plymouthistic
"His wondrous wordy lore:

"Thine, Quakor, is the 'Stillness'
"Quakor, the 'Feeling' thine,
"The Mystic Gift, unbought, unpaid,
"The Gallery's ordered line—
"And thine this note of wisdom,
"That woman, with her train
"Of balmier moods and gentler thoughts
"Doth here co-equal reign.

"And I shall now address me
"To modern and to young."
Methinks I hear the gracious words
From the mild Seer's tongue:
"Yours, brethren, is the vigour,
"And yours the eager zeal,
"Which, chafing at repression,
"Is quick to fear and feel—
"The zeal which ever striveth,

"The zeal which doth not swerve
"From new and diverse method
"To aid the cause ye serve.
"And yet methinks, belovéd,
"Your Elders up the road
"Of life's oft toilsome journey
"Longer than ye have trode.

"As up Sliev-Donard's mountain
"Adventurous toilers climb,
"And round his mighty base do wade
"Knee deep in fern and thyme,
"Yet when they near the summit,
"Where winter's whirlwinds blow,
"Do mark the gnarled and rugged stems
"Which round that summit grow:
"So at the Ancient Manner
"Be slow to jest or jeer,
"Wait till your heads have also borne
"The storms of sixty year.

"But oh, ye mighty Elders
"Who guard the Ancient Way,

"Who cannot plead the fire of youth,
"To you what can I say?
"Are your own rules forgotten?
"And have ye still to learn
"The seriousness of hindering
"A Quakor—*'neath concern?*
"With strange and varying quavers
"Your accents oft-time ring,
"Why is it *right for you to chant*
"And *wrong for him to sing?*"

And she took pledge from each and all
That they from battle fray
Ancient or Modern should abstain
A twelvemonth and a day—
Upon the "Book of Minutes,"
She bound them with a vow,
And such a binding none may break,
Scatheless of loss I trow;
Hail to the "Affirmation,"
May it unbroken be,
And Ulster Quakri henceforth dwell
In Love and Charity.

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The Quakri at Lurgan [and at Grange]
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